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Ladies Spring Hats Free.
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Tailoring & Corset
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SCALP. HEROLIN is delightfully per-
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SEND 25 CENTS (change or coin) for a big box
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Progressive Poultry Co.

2326 Vine Street
POULTRY, FISH, MILK, BUT-
TER AND EGGS
Game in Season.

A simple fact—we are planning
to show by putting the
prices on our products so low
that the high prices on the goods
we carry must go.
Liberal reduction to restau-
rants and all entertainments.
Deliver Anywhere to Anyone
Any Time.

All Poultry Dressed if desired,
free of charge.
A trial will convince you.
Dealers in—
PROGRESSIVE PRODUCE AND
POULTRY COMPANY.

quick bread

U. S. Food Administration.
Baking powder biscuits, co'n
bread, muffins, brown bread, grie-
die cakes on waffles is wot dey
call "quick breads."
You all makes 'em wid one cup
er wheat flour ter two cups er
substitute flour to save all de
wheat dat kin be saved fer de
soldiers. Some folks kin git or long
without any wheat at all and are
glad to do it ter help win de war.
Dat ain't bad medicine to take,
fo' who's gwine to'n up his nose
at good co'n bread er biscuits er
flapjacks?

THE BEEFERS ABROAD.

By Sergt. Leonard R. Jackson,
Co. H, 815th Pioneer Inf. Reg.
In time of peace when all was still
These knockers hung around:
When times were good, when times
were bad,
They mude that doleful sound.
But now there is no peace,
We are soldiers one and all,
And still I hear that same old noise
From bugle call to call.

How these boys meet life's blessings
Is very strange indeed.
They will sing the blues in spite of
fate
With every need.

They burn their shows and then want
more,
The chow don't eat just right:
The coat's too large, the shirt's too
small,
The breeches fit too tight.

One day they drill, next day they
won't,
The Captain raises sand:
Some day he'll fill the guard house up
With every soldier man.

And if I am out (I'll try to be),
I'll hear just what they say:
I guess they'll think their God is false,
That there is no use to pray.

They can sing and pray, these won-
derful men:
God loves them, I am sure;
They can steal and gamble just as
well.

Then cuss and pray some more.
They won't get up for reveille.
They are sick 'till the meat horn's
blow.

Now then they run from far and near,
Mess is one formation sure.
Now after this, not to the road
On the sick list they will go.

And when marked "duty," hear them
cry,
"What makes him treat us so?"
As this all haps, I'm in the vineyard
Working hard and true.

Without time or reason to complain,
I have something else to do.
I will not bother my good officers
With these unwarlike like these;
The only things that worry me
Are the "cooties" and the "fleas."

Hubbell's Car—Bell Phone East 213.

THE MESS LINE AND KIT.

By Sergt. Leonard R. Jackson,
Co. H, 815th Pioneer Inf. Reg.
We are a Company of the 815th,
Organized in Finston town.
We have cut no shine, on the battle
line.

But on another we have great re-
nown.
We have had quite a bit of training.
At drilling we are not slow,
But any old time we hit a mess line
Something has got to go.

The German General, Von Hinden-
burg,
Could drive man-power some:
He could take a hill against the Al-
lies' will.

And not a man would run.
He formed a line that was so strong
It held for three years or more.
But I'll tell you now, had it led to
chow.

We would have broken it long ago.

Kaiser Bill was a greedy boy.
He took a bite that was too big;
He sicked his Hindenburg dog on a
full grown hog—
He thought it was a pig.

Now we never had a chance at Hin-
denburg's line,
And I don't know what we would do,
But they are wasting time with the
old mess line.

For we will break it half into.

No wander-lust brought us across the
sea,
It was our Uncle Sammy's needs;
The time was then that noble men
Were joined in nobler deeds.

Now we wonder when we will get
back home,
We would certainly like to go,
But the time is not long, it's just like
a song—
Hark! The old mess whistle's blow.

When the long hikes on the stony
roads
Caused pains down in our feet,
We share our troubles with the old
mess kit.

That makes our bitters sweet.
We never squabble with our cooks,
Nor anger these men at all.
For when the old pack has nearly
broken your back
There's joy in the old mess call.

We have won fame, I have said before,
We will soldier until we are free,
And store our troubles away with the
old mess kit.

And the best of citizens be.
With no doubt a dream every now and
then,
For there are dangers on every
hand.

But we will never forget, while we
live, you bet,
The mess line in no man's land.

Possible Granary.

The harvesting of the corn crops in
Venezuela commences in September
or October. In most sections of the
country only one crop is raised an-
nually, though with irrigation there
could easily be two. Most of the corn
raised in Venezuela is white, and the
market for this is not so good in the
West Indies as for the yellow varieties.
In case of any deficit in the corn crop
in the United States, Venezuela might
well be considered as an available
source of supply.

Metric Denominations.

The metric denominations and val-
ues for measures of capacity are as
follows: Kiloliter or stere, 1,000 liters,
equals one cubic meter; hectoliter, 100
liters, equals one-tenth of a cubic me-
ter; dekaliter, ten liters, equals ten
cubic decimeters; liter, equals one cu-
bic decimeter; deciliter, one-tenth of a
liter, equals one-tenth of a cubic dec-
imeter; centiliter, one one-hundredth
of a liter, equals ten cubic centime-
ters; milliliter, one one-thousandth of
a liter, equals one cubic centimeter.

The Grist

By ARCHIE CAMERON NEW

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper
Syndicate.)

John Gates came out of a trance-
like stupor and stared in disgust. He
had not been the victim of a bad
dream. No, he shivered, would that
life were like that dream!

Two minutes before there had
danced before his vision a picture of
an old grist mill. He could see the
trees lazily and happily brushing their
leaves with every puff of wind, and
the little dam that laughingly dashed
its spray against its rocky formation.

And his father, with his kindly old
eyes and stooped shoulders, pouring
into the mill's grist fine whole wheat.
And then he saw the pure-white
flour, so much in keeping with the sa-
credly pure precincts about which he
had scampers years before, barefoot.

And then the sweetest
smile of his mother—that dear, kindly
soul, whose happiest mission was min-
istration to his boyish whims and an
appreciative father's wants. And then
he woke up!

For a moment he surveyed himself
sadly. Those bare toes of his boy-
hood were now encased in rich, com-
fortable shoes, showing off in marked
contrast the worn carpet on which
they rested. He fingered nervously
the well-tailored clothes that long since
had replaced torn, ragged overalls,
and smiled bitterly. And then he
looked up!

An old man bent over a desk several
feet away seemed to remind him of
the old miller, his father, with his
sparse gray hairs and stooped shoul-
ders—until he looked up. A pair of
rascally, cunning eyes met Gates' fur-
tively, and then darted to a rough-
looking individual waiting, as was
Gates, on one of the chairs in a row
about the wall of the large outer of-
fice. A buzzer sounded and the door
of the inner chamber opened.

"It's your turn now," huskily whis-
pered the old man to the other. "Leave
it to Jerry Blotzman. He'll fix you
up."

The man greeted unfathomably, and
rose hesitatingly to his feet. He, like
most of his waiting brethren, had
come to be "fixed up." And Blotzman,
the far-famed P. Gerald Blotzman, self-
styled "counselor at law," was to do
the fixing. Or, rather, the "fixing."

For Blotzman's many hired henchmen
proclaimed that no matrimonial knot
was too hard for their patron to un-
tie.

"Jes leave it to me," boomed a rascu-
ous voice, which Gates recognized as
Blotzman's as he hurriedly pushed a
spidery-looking young man out of his
office. "I'll get something on her. They
ain't none of them too foxy fer Blot-
zman, are they, Pete?"

Pete, his assistant, acquiesced
speedily with a chuckle, and Blotzman
bent a heavy eye on the man who stood
close to Pete's desk.

"Come right in," he welcomed the
other man, laying a weary palm on
the client's sleeve. "Pete, bring th'
gentleman's card in—now."

The door slammed and again the
outer office subsided into a low mur-
mur of voices.

So, mused Gates, this was what he
had come to. A place where the sac-
red ties of marriage and motherhood
were handled about like packing boxes
and card-indexed like a case of
measles. Brer!

And across the room, instead of the
sweet smile of his mother, a gray-
haired woman in gay clothes smirked
fraternally at him while waiting her
turn.

This drove Gates' eyes to his lap,
on which rested a neat package, which
he now untied. Dragging forth a yel-
lowish paper, he fell to reading it, and
again it conjured forth visions from
out of a happy past.

There was a great high-ceilinged par-
lor, smelling deliciously of fresh-
picked blossoms, and echoing the
sound of many laughing voices and
the crinkle of many stiff party dresses.
And a rose-bower in the center, under
which an esoteric couple were receiv-
ing congratulations. And Gates, as he
read his marriage license, heard anew,
as if it were yesterday, the little old
pastor's solemn warning, "Whom God
hath joined together, let no man put
asunder."

"Purr well prepared, ain't yuh, miter?"
The voice at Gates' elbow
caused him to thrust the paper back
in the packet, as he looked up to
meet the leer of the man on his right.
"My old woman swiped mine," contin-
ued the other, enviously, "Leastways,
she mused given it t' th' guy she
loved with. Cost me fifty extra 't' get
a new one. Ain't women th' darrest
fegs?"

Gates stared at him unseeing, but
the last remark caused him to shiver
anew. Lucille, his wife, a yegg? Never!
She was a fine girl, through and
through. They just couldn't get along
—that was all. And some one had sug-
gested Blotzman to him, and—
"Y'll come outa th' mill sadder an'
poorer," vouchsafed another wait-
ing one. "Blotzman'll see t' that."

SALINA, KANSAS.

Rev. W. P. Banks is conducting a
revival at the Third Baptist Church,
Topeka, Kansas. Rev. Van Lou,
Baptist Missionary, was in this city
a few days and delivered the message
of the evening at the St. John's Baptist
Church. Mrs. C. D. Miner, Be-
loit, Kan., was the guest of Mrs. Es-
sle Ross over Sunday of this week.

Mr. William Wigley was the guest
at a six o'clock dinner Thursday even-
ing at his home, the occasion being
his birthday. The surprise was ar-
ranged by Mrs. Wigley and was en-
joyed immensely by those present.

Mr. McCall, who has been attending
the Kansas University of Commerce,
left Wednesday for his home in Texas.
Mr. McCall expects to return some
time during the summer. Mr. Frank
Jakes left for Kansas City, Mo., Mon-
day, March 7, to visit his sister for a
few days. The Junior Stewardess
Board met with Mrs. Francis Parkers
at the home of Mrs. Claude William-
son, West Walnut street, Friday, April
4, at which time a short program was
presented and addressed by the Board.

The Quarterly Meeting was a success.
There was a splendid attendance all
day. Presiding Elder Smith preached
in the morning and afternoon. The
pastor preached the baptismal sermon
after which seven candidates were ba-
ptized and the evening services were
conducted by the Presiding Elder. An
excellent sermon delivered on
"Christ's Death and Sufferings" after
which the Lord's supper was adminis-
tered. All the reports at the Quar-
terly Conference were excellent. For
trustees, \$251.73 and for ministers
\$151.31 making a total of \$403.04 for
which the pastor and presiding elder
gave words of thanks and encourage-

ment. The pastor said he had three
of the best Boards in the State: the
Senior, Junior and Emergency Boards.
The Seniors raised \$41.25; Juniors,
\$45.50 and Emergency \$13.50 during
the Quarter. We must work for God
if we hope to get the best he has in
stock for us.

MRS. A. E. SMITH'S REPORT.

One of the most enthusiastic and
earnest workers on the Stewardess
Board of historic Allen Chapel is Mrs.
A. E. Smith of 915 Oak street, who is
always found at her post. During
March, when the president, Mrs. L.
Lewis, was ill and the flu and strike
had seriously reduced the attendance
at the various church services and
the Stewardess' treasury had become
very low, Sister Smith put on a little
rally of her own and with friends so-
lited a total of \$35.15 to replenish
their treasury. She desires to give
credit to the following persons: \$2.50,
Sister Martha Johnson; \$2, Mrs. A.
E. Smith, Mrs. Elmer Dotson, Mrs.
Alice Thurman; \$1.40, Mrs. Agnes
Johnson; \$1.35, Mrs. R. W. Foster;
\$1.15, Mrs. Mary Simmons; \$1.00 each,
Mrs. A. Drumm, Miss Iza Heaton, Mag-
gie Sturman, E. L. Ward, F. Garland,
Lottie McGill, Florida Crews, Margaret
Crews, W. M. Grizzard, Della Moore,
L. Haworth, Mrs. Nelson, Jennie Lee,
Mr. and Mrs. Knox, C. Crews,
C. P. Docketts, J. R. Haworth; 75
cents, Mary L. Carter; 50 cents each,
Prof. Dawley, Mrs. L. Craig, Mrs. Min-
nie Doyle, Mrs. Mary Witt, Mrs. Mag-
gie Hopson, G. W. Teeters, S. H. Wal-
lace; 30 cents, Bernard Roberts, Mrs.
Emma Jones; 25 cents, Mrs. A. C.
Coleman, Charles Birch; 15 cents,
Frank John, Frank Pollard, Laura
Helford; miscellaneous, 35 cents.
Mrs. Smith desires to thank all for
their contributions.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of our Beloved and Sainted Mother, Mary Elizabeth
Wheeler, who departed this life three years ago, April 13, 1916.

We may forget the rose that blooms each spring.

And bathes us in its fragrance, sweet and true:

We may forget the birds that twit and sing,

But ever, Mother Dear, we'll think of you.

Tear-dimmed, our eyes, our hearts seek Thine in love,

And linger there for one divine caress:

And wonder if from your bright Throne above,

You shower us with smiles superb and blest?

GERTRUDE M. B. WHEELER and FAMILY.



The Wheatley Provident Hospital, under the management of Dr. J. Ed-
ward Perry. It has become one of the foremost institutions of its kind in
the United States.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving and sacred memory of my dear husband, Charles Fremont
Kimbrough, who passed into eternal rest April 9, 1913.

An Angel took my flower away.

Yet I will not repine,

For Jesus in His bosom wears

The flower that once was mine.

ALICE G. KIMBROUGH, Wife.

SUMMER MUSIC SCHOOL

R. G. Jackson announces a Summer School of Music at
Allen Chapel. For good period prospective pupils are invited
to enroll now. Beginners will be given as much consideration
as persons who are advanced. Those desiring to learn to read
music by sight will have opportunity to do so either privately
or in classes. On account of there being a stronger demand for
pipe organists than ever before, it will be well for those talent-
ed to study organ this summer.

Call Bell Phone, West 3730

On Saturday, Bell Phone Main 4676

Or See MR. Jackson at Allen Chapel on Sunday

MRS. BESSIE KNIGHT—Hairdresser

My guaranteed hair grower feeds the scalp which prevents
falling hair, dandruff and baldness. Rub a potion into the
scalp before retiring every night. It fertilizes the scalp and
produces a luxuriant growth of hair.

A trial will convince you. Making braids a specialty.

1826 WOODLAND AVENUE

Bell Phone, East 3956 J.

Dreamland Hall For Rent

The beautiful hall, third floor, 1522 East 18th Street (18th
and Vine Streets), has been remodeled and refurnished and is
now for rent for private PARTIES, BALLS, SOCIALS and MU-
SICALS at reasonable prices. All Modern Conveniences.

EDWARD BROWN, Manager,

Bell Ph. East 1149W.

2440 Michigan Avenue

NOTICE

All music lovers who would like to
sing with the

Allen Chapel-Western University
Chorus

on Good Friday have a cordial invitation
to enroll.

Call R. G. Jackson for information.

On Saturday call Bell Phone Main
4676. During the week, West 3730.

Colored People
Intending to
Come North or
West---
Take Notice

FARMERS, farm laborers,
skilled and unskilled
workmen, who intend leav-
ing the south should pro-
tect themselves against
swindlers and chance con-
ditions. The Monitor has taken up this
problem and is able to be of service to you.
Write at once for information and en-
close stamp for reply. Address,

George Wells Parker,

Business Manager of The Monitor,
Omaha, Nebraska.

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THE MASTER MIND OF A CHILD OF SLAVERY

An appealing, picturesque romance of real life. A
story of achievement almost rivaling in interest
the tales of those famed heroes of ancient Rome and Greece
who were supposed to be imbued with powers beyond
those of mortal men.

A book full of human interest, recounting the life
history of the man who rose from plantation babe to
leading educator, author and industrial advocate.

An inspiration in every line, and the story of a life-
work which offers an example for every boy and youth in
the land.

The life story of a man who was a most remarkable
product of modern civilization in all its phases. The
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people out of the wilderness of ignorance, superstition
and infidelity and pointed the way to knowledge, industry
and prosperity for all who would follow him.

Our Memorial Edition of the Life
of Booker T. Washington includes a
full description of the Tuskegee In-
stitute, the great educational institu-
tion that stands as a monument to the
energy, earnestness, intelligence
and honesty of this great man and
will for him the respect of all men in
all walks of life and from every sta-
tion.

Every man, woman and child will
read it, irrespective of race or creed.
The book is a large octavo volume
of 160 pages, including superb, strik-
ingly impressive engravings. Size
8 1/2 x 6 1/4 inches.

Retail Price, Cloth Binding...\$1.00
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agents. Established year 1901. Show
your loyalty to our race by taking up
the sale of this book.

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